

THE
Johnson Journal



Spring, 1936

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL



ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Many of the graduates of Johnson High School who wish to keep up or renew old acquaintances, desire to form an Alumni Association. There has been no united effort to do this, however. The graduates, most of whom work or go to college, are unable to keep up old friendships, and they also look back on the school dances, plays, and other recreations, with longing.

The Alumni Association could correct this to a large extent. The members would meet once every month, or some other definite period. They would be able to enjoy each other's company, and membership would give them admittance to school activities. They could organize basketball, baseball, and football teams to compete against the school teams, if the response were great enough, as I believe it would be. This would also give the Alumni a chance for recreation and would help the school teams in their practice.

The formation of such an association would revive their interest in the school. It would help our reputation, as many people believe that we have no school spirit. This would prove that we have, since if the graduates take enough interest in the school even after they are graduated, they must have a great deal of school spirit. Many of the graduates could probably join some of the clubs in an advisory aspect. They could also help the graduating class as to their courses in college, or, if

they were not going to college, they could help them get jobs, or at least advise them as to what to do after they leave school. They would have learned much of this from experience.

Other schools have Alumni Associations, and they have made successes of them. If they can do this, I am sure that the Alumni of Johnson High can at least do as well, if not better. Why shouldn't Johnson High be on a par with other schools? Work for an Alumni Association.

Carl Olson '36

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a hard quality to analyse. The friendships we make, if they be true, move us to strange deeds and still we don't know what force moves us on. The effect of a friend on us may be good or bad. If we choose for a friend a shifty, slipshod, and happy-go-lucky person, the effect on us assuredly will not be good. However, if our will dominates we may be able to bring our friend to higher ideals through association with us. This will be one of the best things we could do for our friend. On the contrary a friend who has high ideals and is honest and straightforward in turn may be able to raise us up a little. For this reason, we must choose our friends carefully so that we will make no mistake.

A true friend is one of the greatest assets we can have. A loyal friend in whom we may safely confide our

troubles outshines everything else. The very feeling that we have this friend on whom we may depend is comforting. Life would be lonely, dreary and desolate without friends on which to depend. However, although we expect our friends to be ready to aid us we must also jump at an opportunity to help them. By doing this, friendship helps us to forget our own troubles in the interest of others. We find ourselves more ready to help others; we develop a keen eye, a willing mind, and a warm heart. Through friends we find ourselves not only seeing their troubles but ready to help them.

We expect many things of our friends and one of these is companionship. A friend who does what we do and is interested in the same things is one we will be hap-

piest with. Nobody likes a friend who wants to stay in all the time, especially if the person is an athlete. The best friend for that person is also an athlete. We spend a great deal of our time with our friends and thus we should be careful in choosing one best suited for us.

Another characteristic we expect of a friend is to be straightforward. Of course our friends won't like to tell us our faults, but if it is for the best a true friend will tell us. Also, if we are really, deep down, a friend of theirs we will accept this correction in the right spirit. It may hurt us, but if we try to keep that hurt to ourselves it will be best. Then, when we have thought it over we may see that what has been told us is for the best.

Evelyn Clark '37



LITERARY



WILL TO WIN

At early dawn a great ball of fire rose in the eastern sky. Like a giant it shed its rays unmercifully until the air was so dry it fairly crackled.

Jack Lawrence shoved another bundle of corn into the huge black mouth of the corn cutter. That monster always wanted more.

"It took Pa's right arm last year," he reflected with a cynical smile upon his thin lips. One can't think much filling a forty foot silo when the blower sounds like a continuously roaring cannon.

From six in the morning until six at night Jack fed this greedy beast

until his very heart rebelled at such monotony. That alone was work for two men, but to have to milk those sweating, fly bitten heifers afterwards was torture.

At evening when most people were swatting mosquitoes and resting on their piazzas, Jack would either study for his college board entrance examinations or ride Lindy, his favorite saddle horse, over those dusty New England roads. He longed to attend college and study horses, but with the injury to Pa's arm last fall and destruction of all the crops by hail, his hopes were fading. Now they had a two thousand dollar mortgage on the farm and

it would take everything to pay it off in the spring.

One evening after a heart breaking day of salting and tramping in the silo, his usual quick stepping stride was nothing but an old man's hobble as he set out for the barn to saddle Lindy. But there was a determined look to his sharp features.

Lindy was the son of Lady Grace, a famous champion who died at the premature birth of her coal black foal. Jack had bought him from his uncle, who thought he might make a good saddle horse. He would never be a racer, so his uncle said, because he was too small. During this past summer Lindy had been used as a cultivating horse and so had developed the shoulders and hind quarters of a work horse. With that extra strength he might place in the Concord Handicap next month. Jack led Lindy from the barn and ran his hand nervously through his curly black hair. With a thousand dollars first prize—

For the next two weeks Jack rose at quarter of four in the morning. This gave him an hour to train Lindy before breakfast after the chores were done. It was hard work for the swift little Morgan. His once sleek and shining neck was worn rough by the collar he had worn in the fields. But those strong forelegs,—this short training would not make them as supple as they should be when it came to getting a quick jump on the curves.

In that short two weeks Jack worked like mad. Rubbing and exercising Lindy after pushing a hundred and fifty pound spinach sower over a piece of harrowed land for six days upon end wore him down to one hundred and thirty pounds of

sinew. His usual bright blue eyes were dull and blood shot. It takes a good conditioned jockey to pilot a racer through fifteen contestants to the front wire. An eighteen-year old boy who had never ridden a race would be liable to make a poor showing, even on a champion.

The morning of the race found Jack finishing the last brindle cow at half past five. One can't skip milking no matter what is to happen. The chores never seemed to take so long.

At ten o'clock Jack walked Lindy from the barn and rode off for the fair grounds some ten miles distant. They seemed as one, those two, boy and horse, so perfectly did Jack sit his pet.

Around the race track at the Fair Grounds lay a sea of faces some ten deep. The conditions were ideal for racing. A warm autumn day with a light breeze provided ideal comfort. The Governor and other celebrities had prominent seats in the foreground. Farmers, gamblers, city folks, negroes and cheap, low bred, dice tossers! It was the last big day of the season and the people wanted to see the Governor's current sensation *General Jackson* match the champion *Discovery* from the Vanderbilt stables in the thousand dollar handicap.

Jack rode up to a horse tent and dismounted. As he entered and started down the row of stalls a young negro who was sitting on a bale of hay playing solitaire said, "Where might you be going, kiddo?"

"I'm looking for an empty stall to rest my horse in before the race," replied Jack.

"What race might you be going to enter that plow horse, Sonny?"



He knew that Lindy longed to lead, but he held him back to save his wind.

Julia A. Malek

questioned the negro, grinning from ear to ear.

"None of your business!" retorted Jack, feeling himself and Lindy ridiculed. It was true his riding boots were well worn but they were brightly polished. His polo shirt and riding breeches were not new, but they were clean. What business had this fresh scamp talking as if he owned the place?

"Wise guy, eh?" said the negro as he rose to his feet. "Wanna make something of it?"

Before Jack could answer a large, white haired man with a kindly face stood between them. "What's going on here?" he asked.

"I'm Jack Lawrence and was looking for a place to rest my horse before the race this afternoon when this fellow, who seems to think he owns the tent started to get too inquisitive. So it seemed to me," he explained.

"Jack Lawrence! You wouldn't by any chance be a relation of Major Lawrence, would you? I'm Colonel Vanderbilt and we were in the war together. I haven't heard from him since he ran Lady Grace in the Phoenix Handicap nine years ago," exclaimed the sportsman nervously pulling his snowwhite mustache.

Jack, feeling somewhat better at finding a friend, said, "Major Lawrence is my uncle and Lady Grace was the mother of Lindy here," giving him an affectionate pat.

"H'm," said the Colonel, seeming to see Lindy for the first time. "I heard of the Major's loss of Lady Grace in the papers, but I never thought her colt could be raised with its mother dead. Must have been quite a job!"

"I raised him on a bottle," Jack said with a note of pride in his voice.

"Nice job you have done, too," commented Mr. Vanderbilt with an appraising eye. "Well, I hope he makes a good showing. He was sired by my champion, Lafayette, who died two months after I took him from the track so none of his colts that I know of were ever raised, except Lindy here. Oh, I forgot all about Monk. He was just trying to ride you for a little fun before he rides Discovery to a good victory over the Governor's Champion this afternoon. Eh, Monk, you old rascal?"

The little negro who had stood sullenly by now grunted and walked off.

"Nice kid," remarked Colonel Vanderbilt, being sure to stick up for his jockey. "Well, I'll see if I can't find you an empty stall. Anything for a friend of the Major's. You know when we were in the war together....."

Two o'clock found Jack limbering up with fifteen other riders on the track in front of the grandstand. He felt an excited lump in his throat as he heard the announcer bawl out, "Lindy ridden by Jack Lawrence, one hundred and thirty-five pounds."

"Probably some farmer's plug," he heard someone in the grandstand say. If he could only keep his head. He would show that Monk Louis, who had just given him an ugly look as they passed, that he wasn't on the only good horse.

Jack had his plan thoroughly mapped out, like a general planning an attack. He would be content to trail along behind the leaders until the last half mile, then he would steal up and pass on the last turn.

Somehow they got lined up to

start, but the champion, General Jackson, ridden by Billy MacFarland from the Governor's stable broke three times from the rider's control until the announcer sent him to the fifteenth post.

As they started the fourth time Jack heard the faint sound of the gong. They were off. He heard the shouts of the people as they swept past the grandstand, "Discovery . . . Discovery leads!"

He heard it, but faintly. He was thinking of the folks at home. Pa who could never work again. How they all had fought and suffered for their dear old home. It all depended on Lindy and him.

Bending low over his horse's back he felt the muscles beneath him play faster and faster. He knew that Lindy longed to lead, but he held him back to save his wind.

As they rounded the first mile he was in seventh position. He heard the frenzied shouts of the crowd crying for General Jackson, whom MacFarland could not hold, to pass the farmer's plug. This stung home to his sensitive heart. He'd show them, he promised himself.

As they rounded the turn for the last half mile he gave Lindy his head for the first time. The little horse's hard work in the fields was now beginning to tell, but the fighting blood of his ancestors beat like a drum within him. He ran as the greyhound, low and swift, but his breath was coming in gasps. Fighting, fighting to win as his parents had.

They roared past the tiring General Jackson up to the home stretch of the last mile. Lindy, with Jack crouched low over his neck came along beside Monk Lewis, who was alarmed to madness by now. Jack

could hear the African ripping his horse's sides with his short leather whip.

Faster—faster he came until he was nose to nose with Discovery. He was passing? Yes, he had passed him and now was leading the pack. Within him his emotions swelled until tears of joy ran down his brown face. Some strange instinct within him made him shout encouragement, shout until he was hoarse at the winded little Morgan. Lindy was running with his heart, the heart of a champion. Tiredly he drove his short legs under that last wire, the winner by a length.

The son of two champions, Lady Grace, whose fighting heart he had inherited, and Lafayette, to whose great power he was indebted, was a living monument to a loving master and two ill-fated parents.

John Chadwick '37

NATURE

Across the wide blue open space

Where sky and hilltop meet,
The sun, the moon, the stars embrace
Old Nature's plodding feet.

The blue extensive sky is filled

With irridescent clouds:
Their soft, white, fleeciness is stilled
Like light, ethereal shrouds.

The velvet green of grass is seen;

The messenger of spring,
And everywhere on woodland lair
We hear the wild birds sing.

Queen Summer now is on the way,

King Winter's chill is dying,
And Nature's working every day,
She never gives up trying.

Frances McRobbie '39

STUDENTS I LIKE

(Teacher's viewpoint)

Students in high school may be classified into three fairly distinct groups; those who appear bored and sit throughout the period with their eyes glued on the clock, the pupils who give their attention only when called on, and those that follow development of the recitation with eager alertness.

The attitude of the students in the first two classes is due mainly to lack of study. These pupils are most apt to be unsuccessful in later life, and fail to see the big opportunities when they come. Habits formed in youth are usually continued in later life. These students will be unable to carry on ordinary every day discussions because of their habits of youth and will not be desired for company. Their interests in school activities will be slight and all their school life will be tedious. Students with no interest in class work will find at some future day that they have only cheated themselves.

Pupils that take an interest in studies and class discussion are liked by the teacher. They speak, when called upon, with enthusiasm and some knowledge of the topic. They make school work interesting and beneficial for the class. Those students usually enter in other school activities with the same enthusiasm and make school life enjoyable. Students with interest in school work are sure to be popular and successful.

Joseph Maker '37

THE SECRET OF THE BUDDHA

"Louise, here are some valuable papers I wish you to take to the safe deposit box at the First National Bank. I am going away on a business trip and will be gone several days."

"All righty, Dad. Don't be gone long. Goodbye." As this was said, Mr. Knight, a middle-aged man, left in a nonchalant manner. Though his clothes fitted in a somewhat baggy manner he was a neatly dressed business man. As he walked down the sidewalk with his bags in his hands, he swung his shoulders in a swaying rhythm. As he went out the gate he turned, smiling, to wave a last goodbye to his daughter, Louise, who was standing at the window watching him. She stood dreamily looking after him until he was no longer in sight. The wind that was stirring the leaves on the trees disturbed her hair. A strand curled over her eye. She took a small delicate hand to brush it back. She jumped as she was brought back to earth from her day dreaming by the slamming of the front door.

"Yoo-hoo, Louise." At this greeting an athletic girl entered the room.

"Oh, hi, Agnes. Come on in. Father has just gone away and Mother is out in the garden in her wheel-chair. Come on upstairs and I will show you my new bedroom set. Oh, do be careful of that Buddha there on the landing. Father is so afraid it will get broken. I'm rather afraid of the thing myself, it's so big and starry-eyed. Father's brother, Tom, brought it back with him from China. As long as I remember Father has cautioned me to keep away from it. Oh, here we are. Don't you

like this orchid and green color combination of my room?"

"It's adorable. The French windows and doors opening out on the balcony are just too exquisite. Louise! Listen! What's that?"

"Why listen, Agnes. There! Hear that? That clicking sound?"

Slowly and cautiously the two girls crept to the door. Ming Fong, the Chinese servant, slid silently through the draperies connecting the hall with the den.

"Ha, ha, ha! That's a good one on you, Agnes. That was only Ming Fong, cleaning around the Buddha. For a minute you really had my hair standing on end with your timidity."

Louise gave Agnes a friendly little hug.

"Come on downstairs," Louise said.

"Well, I never did like orientals. They're always sneaking from one door to the other. Their cat-like ways and funny eyes are enough to give anybody the willies."

"Don't be silly, Agnes. Ming Fong's all right. Why, he's been in the family for years."

"Just the same I don't like him, or any Chinese or Japanese for that matter. I say, Louise, let's go out for a walk. I've got the jitters now and if I stay in here much longer you'll have to carry me home."

"All right, Agnes, I'll walk downtown with you. I've an errand to do for Dad. Why,—why, Agnes, they're gone! I know Dad left them on this table by the stairs, but they're gone."

"What's gone, Louise?"

"Why, why the papers that Dad left for me to take to the bank, and it closes in fifteen minutes and they've got to be there!"

Frantically, the two girls searched the house from top to bottom, but no papers were revealed. The search lasted all afternoon but to no avail. That night a tired and worried girl toppled into bed. She tossed and turned. Sleep did not come soon, and when it did, dreams of Chinese Buddhas and papers came and went like some horrible nightmare. She awoke to find the sun streaming in upon her. Slowly she dressed. What could she do? Her mother, who was crippled and badly in need of a surgical operation, which was delayed because of the lack of money, already had enough cares. If Father had only said where he was going. Thus she pondered as she slowly descended the stairs. Three steps from the landing where the Buddha stood, she caught her foot on the edge of the stair. She lurched heavily against the Buddha, dislodging the head, which fell heavily at her feet. Aghast at what she had done, she stooped to pick it up.

"Why, what's this?" she said, quite alarmed.

From the inside of the hollow head a roll of paper protruded. On closer examination she found it to be the legal will of her uncle who had died in China. In the will it stated that she was the heiress to a large fortune.

"Oh, Louise, someone is at the door," called her mother.

Dreamily Louise went to the door, the will clutched tightly in one hand. A messenger boy handed her a yellow envelope. Opening it she found it to be a telegram.

"Forgot to leave papers stop leaving for home immediately stop Dad."

Joyfully she ran to her mother, hugging and kissing her.

"Why, Louise, whatever is the matter with you?"

"Mother, yesterday afternoon Dad told me to take some valuable papers to the bank. Well, he left in such a hurry that he forgot to leave them. I searched for them all over the house but couldn't find them. I didn't want to tell you because you have enough to worry about. He just sent a telegram telling me that he forgot to leave them. Then coming down the stairs I fell and knocked the head off the Buddha. When I picked the head up I noticed this paper. It's Uncle Tom's will. And now, mother," she continued, "you can have your operation, and you will be able to walk again. We're rich now, mother, we're rich! Hurrah, mother, aren't you glad I knocked the head off Buddha? It revealed a secret maybe we'd never have known only for the accident."

Anne Moore '36

GLORY?

The roaring and booming of cannons,

The shrieking and bursting of shells,
The spat of the enemy rifles,
The clanging of gas alarm bells.

The wrecking and burning of houses,
The wounding and slaying of men,
The starved and disease-ridden faces,
Of captives, like pigs, in a pen.

Blood, and the lives of men ebbing,
And the mangled ground, stained
with red,

The marching of men to the battle
lines,

And the steady return of the dead.

The endless and nerve-wracking
waiting,

For all of those men would soon die,
The clatter of enemy machine guns,
And star shells burst in the sky.

The whining and thudding of bullets.
That make men become bloody and
gory.

To kill your fellow men, then die,
Is it madness, or is it glory?

Carl Olson '36

TO THE SHOWERS

Tom Thorpe, an Indian, was a very good baseball player. He could understand the English language fairly well, but the only drawback was that he could not speak English, except for a few words such as, "hello." He could, however, make himself understood by the sign language.

Thorpe was at bat and the count was three balls and two strikes. The next ball pitched was away outside and he let it pass, threw his bat aside and trotted for first base. His Honor, the Umpire, however, called it a strike and waved Thorpe to the bench. Enraged at what he thought was a raw deal, the Indian player let loose his fury in the sign language. As he slowly strolled toward the dugout, he turned an ugly face to the umpire. In all kinds of gestures he told the umpire what he thought of him. Of course no white person, not even an umpire, was presumed to understand the meaning of the signs, which only Indians are assumed to know.

It so happened that Thorpe was unaware that this particular umpire was the son of missionary parents in an Indian reservation and naturally,

having grown up in the reservation, knew the signs.

With characteristic dignity he removed his mask, followed Thorpe, and in unmistakably clear signs told him that there was one certain place he was going for his outburst—to the showers.

Walter Roberts '37

DANDIES

William Thorpe was surprised one winter evening to find an overalled figure trying to enter the service entrance to his home. Thorpe, a wealthy philanthropist, was returning from a late walk about his grounds, when he spied the intruder. The latter was taken by surprise and stood immovable.

"What are you doing here?" asked Thorpe.

"Well, y'see I left some o' me tools behind and come back fer 'em. Plumber, y'know," and he held up a dirty leather bag.

"I see," said Thorpe, "How about a hot drink this cold night?"

The stranger became confused and seemed excited. "Naw I got t' get goin'. Thanks."

"Nonsense," Thorpe interrupted and opening the door, he pushed the man inside.

A few moments later the two were seated in the library, enjoying a hot toddy. At least one was enjoying it. The stranger was ill at ease and cast furtive glances at the door.

"Have a cigar," Thorpe said extending an expensive container with a few cigars in it.

"Thanks. Don't mind if I do," answered the stranger. After puffing a few moments, and making short answers to his host's remarks

he said, "These is swell cigars, Mister. What are they?"

"I'll admit they are dandies. I'm pleased you like them. Take another along with you when you go," answered Thorpe.

The visit lasted about a half hour, and after his forced guest had departed, Thorpe went to retire.

Imagine his horror, when upon entering his suite of rooms, he found his wall safe open, and empty. He rang for a servant, and when none appeared, he remembered that it was the one night of the week that they were off duty. Only the old cook was in her room asleep. On pondering the situation, Thorpe became suspicious of the plumber. These suspicions were confirmed when the sleepy cook insisted that no plumber had been there earlier in the day. So the matter was turned over to the police.

Two weeks passed and no clue could be found to the "plumber." Mr. Thorpe experienced a twinge of anger every time he thought of the man drinking his liquor and smoking his cigars, after having robbed him.

Then one day while waiting for a purchase in a drug store, Mr. Thorpe received a mental jolt. A man was asking the cigar clerk for "Dandies" and the clerk repeatedly told him there was no such brand on the market.

"There must be, 'cause a guy give me a couple just lately," insisted the gruff-voiced one.

Some inner sense immediately told Thorpe that here was the thief.

He stepped over to another clerk and after a few whispered remarks went over to the cigar counter.

"My man," he said to the cus-

tomer, "the clerk is right. There are no *Dandies* on the market. Those you had were a secret experiment of the man who gave them to you, and" His words were cut short, for after one good look at Mr. Thorpe the *plumber* made a dash for the door.

He didn't get very far, because Mr. Thorpe's secret remark had brought a squad of police, who received the plumber with open arms in the doorway.

Dorothy McCubbin '37



ATHLETICS



Lowell Suburban League Champions Trophies go to both Boys and Girls.

BOYS

Johnson beat Dracut in a very rough game here 26-16. The game was exceedingly fast with Johnson having the edge.

Johnson journeyed to Littleton and was beaten by Littleton High 20-17. Littleton held the lead throughout the game.

Johnson played Methuen at the Central Grammar School and once again bowed to the Methuenites, 16-10. The Johnson Seconds, however, won 13-8 over the Methuen Seconds.

Before a capacity attendance here Johnson trounced Chelmsford 20-10. Chelmsford failed to score a single point the first half.

At Tewksbury Johnson again won 22-13. The game was close during the early stages, but after the second half Johnson steadily drew away.

Johnson added another victim to its string of victories by taking Howe 17-10. It was a fine passing game, but Johnson held the edge.

Johnson avenged her defeat by Littleton by trouncing the Littleton team here 21-9. It was Johnson's ninth

victory in the Lowell Suburban League.

Johnson played Wilmington here and beat them 21-14. It was a hard-fought battle with Johnson landing on top.

Johnson was beaten in her final game of the regular season by Dracut 16-11. It was her second defeat in the Suburban League.

Johnson by virtue of having ten victories and two defeats won the Lowell Suburban League championship. The final standing is as follows:

Team	Won	Lost
Johnson	10	2
Howe	7	5
Chelmsford	7	5
Dracut	7	5
Acton	5	7
Tewksbury	2	10
Littleton	2	10

TOWNSEND TOURNAMENT

Johnson entered the Townsend Tournament at Townsend, Mass.

In her first game she met Acton and won 26-20. The next night Johnson won over Townsend High School 23-15. Johnson drew a tie and as a result went right into the finals. The boys met Appleton

Academy in the finals but were defeated 20-9. The boys received silver basketballs and a silver trophy for their fine work during the tournament.

Walter Roberts, high-scoring forward, was chosen on the first team while James Evangelos was chosen guard and captain of the second team. Walter Roberts was also chosen forward on the All-Townsend Tournament team.

Walter Roberts was high scorer for the year with 120 points. Benson, the captain, was second with 85. The summaries are as follows:

W. Roberts	120	pts.
Capt. Benson	85	pts.
Kasheta	59	pts.
E. Roberts	41	pts.
J. Evangelos	27	pts.
Wm. Roberts	13	pts.
Maker	6	pts.
Total	351	pts.

Summary of the games of the season:

Johnson	18	Alumni	17
Johnson	21	Wilmington	9
Johnson	32	Tewksbury	9
Johnson	18	Acton	7
Johnson	32	Chelmsford	20
Johnson	20	Howe	15
Johnson	17	Methuen	18
Johnson	25	Acton	12
Johnson	26	Dracut	16
Johnson	17	Littleton	20
Johnson	10	Methuen	16
Johnson	20	Chelmsford	10
Johnson	22	Tewksbury	13
Johnson	17	Howe	10
Johnson	21	Littleton	9
Johnson	21	Wilmington	14
Johnson	11	Dracut	16

Won 13 Lost 4

GIRLS

J. H. S. vs. L. H. S.

Johnson journeyed to Littleton where they chalked up another victory for the team. Littleton bowed to the visitors, Johnson, with a score of 25-17.

J. H. S. vs. M. H. S.

The Johnson girls easily defeated the Methuen girls on the Johnson court. The game, being rather one-sided, ended with a score of 32-7.

J. H. S. vs. C. H. S.

The Johnson team gave their visitors, Chelmsford, their first set-back when they defeated them with a score of 26-15. Chelmsford had been, up to this time, undefeated with seven victories to their credit.

J. H. S. vs. T. H. S.

Tewksbury again suffered defeat when Johnson carried off the honors of the game played on the Tewksbury floor with the score of 30-11.

J. H. S. vs. H. H. S.

Johnson was again triumphant when they defeated the team from Howe High School on the Johnson floor with a score of 31-12.

J. H. S. vs. L. H. S.

Another easy victory was credited to Johnson when they out-scored Littleton by the score of 26-15.

J. H. S. vs. W. H. S.

Another victory for Johnson was chalked up when the team defeated the visiting team from Wilmington with the score of 28-15.

J. H. S. vs. D. H. S.

Dracut received another set-back when Johnson defeated them in a close game that resulted in a score of 21-14. This game made Chelmsford and Johnson tie for the Championship of the Lowell Suburban League.

J. H. S. vs. C. H. S.

The play-off between Chelmsford and Johnson was played on the Howe floor at Billerica, this being chosen as the neutral floor. The game closed the season for the girls, which was successful all the way around by winning 15 games and losing only 1.

Summary of Games

Johnson	36	Alumnae	8
Johnson	40	Wilmington	10
Johnson	42	Tewksbury	11
Johnson	8	Chelmsford	20
Johnson	27	Billerica	12
Johnson	21	Methuen	19
Johnson	20	Dracut	13
Johnson	25	Littleton	17
Johnson	32	Methuen	7
Johnson	26	Chelmsford	15
Johnson	30	Tewksbury	11
Johnson	31	Billerica	12

Johnson	26	Littleton	15
Johnson	28	Wilmington	15
Johnson	21	Dracut	14
Johnson	23	Chelmsford	
		(Play off)	19
—		—	—
Johnson	436	Opponents	218

Total forward points:

McRobbie	207	Currier	6
Broderick	197	Greenler	9
McGregor	17	Barnes	0

Caroline Barker, Corinne Lewis, and Sylvia Broderick were picked from Johnson to be on the All Star Suburban first team. Margaret McRobbie was chosen on the second All Star team. This is a great honor and the girls deserve congratulations for their splendid playing throughout the year.



EXCHANGES



The Gazette—Lynn Classical High School.

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
Young Romeo and Juliet
But when they left, they left a debt,
For Rome-o-d what Juli-et.

Teachers

If you'll remember to remember,
When your homework you did not
do,
Maybe you'll remember to forget,
The homework I did not do.

Red and Gray—Fitchburg High School

Rules for handling a woman by electricity:

If she talks too long—Interrupter

If she wants to be an angel—Transformer

If she is picking your pockets—Detector

If she will meet you halfway—Receiver

If she gets too excited—Controller

If she goes up in the air—Condenser

If she wants chocolates—Feeder

If she sings inharmoniously—Tuner

If she is out of town—Telegrapher

If she is a poor cook—Discharger

If she is too fat—Reducer

If she is wrong—Rectifier

If she gossips too much—Regulator

If she becomes upset—Reverser

CHAT TER

FRENCH CLUB PROGRAM

Wednesday, February 12th, the French Club went to Lawrence to witness a presentation of "Maria Chapdelaine," a French film shown at the Colonial Theatre. In addition to the feature picture, there was another French film, and four short ones in English. The program was greatly enjoyed by everyone and every member of the French Club was present.

YEAR BOOK DANCE

On the night of March 6, the *Journal* staff held their annual *Journal* dance. Roland Russell's Ramblers were engaged for the occasion. There was a fair attendance. The hall was attractively decorated by the committee in charge.

The committee consisted of: William Currier, chairman, Marion Cur-

rier, Hannah Goff, Mary Greenler, Julia Malek, Barbara Mason, Rita Rand, Harry Cohen, James Evangelos, Vitold Gabys, Carl Olson, Oscar Richard, and Benny Polichnowski.

RADIO CONTEST

On Thursday, March 6, Miss Rita Rand '36 won second place in a youth forum contest which included speakers from Johnson, Methuen, Lawrence, and St. Mary's high schools. The contest took place over station WLLH at Lowell and was sponsored by the *Lawrence Telegram-Sun*. Miss Rand '36 and Leroy Duncan '36 were the winners of a similar program a month before which featured four speakers from Johnson. The subjects of the talks related to the value of high school education.



ALUMNI NOTES



The accomplishments of William J. Greenler, Jr., '30 were highly praised in the local newspapers recently. He was awarded a gold medal for general excellence in all branches of study during his four years at Boston College Commencement exercises last June. He attained an average of 91.5 in his courses. He was recently awarded the

highest honors in the freshman class of the Boston College Law School by Dean Dennis A. Dooley. Greenler was valedictorian of the graduating class of '30.

A reunion of the class of '34 was held in Stevens Social Club on Tuesday evening, March 31. A large number of the class attended the reunion.



GRINS



Teacher to Willy: You've got quite a drop on your report card.

Willy: The A.A.A. is unconstitutional so I joined the C.C.C.

Miss Cook: If you don't study your lesson you'll never be an actor.

Joyce: All right. I'll be an understudy.

Jim: My brother is working with 5,000 men under him.

Joe: Where can that be?

Jim: Mowing lawns in a cemetery.

Ruth: Let's go to the fair.

Jim: What fair is this?

Ruth: Paper says, "Fair here to-day and tomorrow."

Prof: I will have to give you a zero for this semester.

Student: Well, that means nothing in my young life.

Coach in Science Class: Heat expands things and cold contracts them. Can anyone give me an example?

Amshey: Yes, the days are longer in the summer.

Steve: Why didn't you trump your opponent's ace last night?

Kash: Oh, Steve, I didn't have the heart.

Mr. X: I'm sorry but you don't fit the part.

Miss Ba.: Why not?

Mr. X: You're too light to play a heavy.

Definition of a net by Robert Riley, English 4-3: A bunch of holes tied together with string.

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